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WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1919

Money dishonestly acquired is  
never worth its cost, while a good  
conscience never costs as much as it  
is worth.

J. Petit-Senn.

## A Groundless "Inference"

There appeared in The Republican's news col-  
umns yesterday morning a very remarkable state-  
ment attributed to Secretary Van der Veer of the  
Water Users' association, in which he said that all  
the propaganda circulated by the County Highway  
commission for the purchase by the association of  
the cement plant of the Arizona-Portland Cement  
company was intended only to frighten the cement  
trust into lowering its prices. This, according to  
Secretary Van der Veer, was admitted by Chairman  
Hackett of the highway commission. If that were a  
fact, one would suppose that publicity would be given  
to the story only by one not unfriendly to the trust.

Let us look into the reasonableness of the story.  
It is pretty generally admitted in this community  
that Mr. Hackett has at least ordinary common sense.  
Most people go farther than that and regard him as  
an especially astute business man. We will suppose  
then, that the commission was actually bluffing the  
trust. Is there anyone who knows Mr. Hackett who  
could believe for an instant that he would publicly  
admit that he was bluffing? Especially that he  
would admit such a thing to Secretary Van der  
Veer who from the beginning had shown his unfriend-  
liness to the project and had attacked it in an inter-  
view before the matter was presented to the  
association.

Chairman Hackett called up Secretary Van der  
Veer yesterday relative to the published statement.  
The latter said that he "inferred" that it was a bluff  
and that there was no real desire that the association  
should take the plant over.

The original proposition for the taking over  
of the plant called for the expenditure of \$150,-  
000 by the association for the purchase of the  
plant and its rehabilitation. Objection had been  
voiced in an interview by Secretary Van der Veer  
that the association did not want an old plant; that  
if it went into the business it should erect a new  
plant. The plant had been described by him as an  
antiquated one, though it has been since stated by  
Mr. Cooper of the Allis-Chalmers company that most  
of the cement manufactured in the United States  
is made with machinery as ancient as that of this  
plant.

What Mr. Hackett said in reply to this objection  
was this: that if the association would engage in the  
manufacture of cement, either by taking over the  
old plant or by installing a new one, and would sub-  
mit a bid for cement lower than that of the trust,  
something it could undoubtedly do, the commission  
would advance the association \$500,000. Under the  
law the commission could not enter into a contract  
any other way.

This was the basis of Secretary Van der Veer's  
"inference." Nobody else present "inferred" any such  
thing. Three members of the highway commission,  
all large land-owners and members of the Water  
Users' association, who were present, were in earnest  
and were in full accord with the proposition of Mr.  
Hackett. Mr. Rudolph Kuchler, a member of the  
Water Users' council, did not "infer" that the com-  
mission was bluffing, but he regarded the statement  
as a plain, reasonable and earnest business  
proposition.

Eighteen members of the Water Users' council  
at an earlier meeting, regarded the commission  
as sincere and unanimously recommended the sub-  
mission of its proposition to the vote of the members  
of the association, and twenty-one members at the  
late meeting regarded it as one made in good faith.

The Republican which earnestly supported this  
proposition has never had the slightest doubt of the  
sincerity of the commission in its effort to secure the  
taking over of the plant.

Another thing that should have estopped the wild  
"inference" of Secretary Van der Veer that the com-  
mission was bluffing, should have been, if he had  
thought of it, the impossibility of bluffing away the  
\$1.22 a barrel freight charge on cement. It must  
have seemed to him that even if the cement trust  
could have been frightened into selling the commis-  
sion cement at the cost of production, there could not  
have been a hope that it could have been frightened  
into paying the freight on it. But for the purpose to  
save this freight, the local manufacture of cement  
would not have been advocated.

Through what influence, we do not know,  
after the council had first recommended the  
submission of the proposition to purchase the  
plant, on the data already carefully collected,  
an "expert," said to have given satisfaction  
as a cement tester, was brought in in behalf of  
the board of governors to investigate the machinery  
of the plant. In almost every detail his report was ad-  
verse and in contradiction to the voluminous report  
of Mr. Duryea, which as to the state of the ma-  
chinery and the cost of rehabilitation was supported  
by Mr. Cooper, a foremost expert.

## The Italians at Fiume

Notwithstanding the peace conference denied the  
claim of the Italians to Fiume in the course of the  
distribution of the spoils, they are there and have  
been ever since the Austrians were driven out. The  
possession of Fiume by the Italians was not included  
in the secret treaty of Italy, France and Great  
Britain. The representatives of the two last named  
countries sought to pretend to seek a reconcil-

tion between the Italians and President Wilson, who  
at first opposed the terms of the secret pact and who  
seemed to be obsessed in favor of the newly created  
nation of the Jugo-Slavs. He was determined that  
Fiume should be an open port for Croatia.

The allies of Italy pretended to accede to the views  
of the president with respect to Fiume and the mat-  
ter was temporarily shelved by giving to Italy a  
larger strip of the Dalmatian coast than was in-  
tended by the secret treaty, but the status of Fiume  
was left unsettled though it was heralded at the time  
that the president had gained a diplomatic victory.

That city, however, was temporarily put under a  
tri-partite military control under an Italian com-  
mander. There was also a preponderance of Italian  
troops and to all intents and purposes the city was  
in possession of the Italians. According to the dis-  
patches of yesterday, the British and French flags in  
Fiume have been lowered and the soldiers have been  
withdrawn, leaving the Italians in undivided control.

The Italian claim at Paris, though it was not  
urged in the previous secret treaty, when perhaps  
such a total collapse of the Central Powers could not  
have been foreseen, was based on the fact that there  
happened to be more Italians in Fiume than there  
were people who might be classed as Jugo-Slavs, a  
classification which, by the way, was hitherto known  
only to ethnologists.

So far as the allies are concerned, we suppose  
the Italians will be permitted to remain in Fiume.  
Their expulsion would probably be attempted, if at  
all, only at the instance of the United States, under  
the operation of the league of nations, supposing  
that its operation should begin while Mr. Wilson is  
yet president, in accordance with whatever under-  
standing or lack of understanding was arrived at at  
Paris.

There is, of course, nothing in the peace treaty  
now under consideration relating to Fiume or the  
Jugo-Slavian boundary. That possibly appears in  
the Austrian treaty which the president has withheld  
from the senate, but which was secured on Monday  
from the Chicago Tribune the source of the first de-  
finite information the senate could secure regarding  
the treaty with Germany.

## The Same Old World

Out of the travail of the war many of us thought  
the world was being born again. Amid the clouds  
we thought we discerned the dim outlines of a new  
heaven and a new earth. We thought we were wit-  
nessing the greatest of all miracles, one so great and  
wonderful that nobody had ever seen it—a change of  
human nature. We thought that when the trave-  
lled should be ended, the world would have shed all set-  
tishness and there would be nothing that was not  
pure and noble.

We might have looked about us and have ob-  
served that these changes were not taking place in  
our immediate vicinity. We would have observed the  
little meannesses of the profiteers. We might have  
looked higher and have found that politicians more  
hotly than ever were playing for place. Still higher,  
we would have seen the very nations which were sup-  
posedly struggling for world righteousness trying to  
circumvent one another. Even among the hosts of  
righteousness, allied military leaders were trying  
to put things over on other allied military leaders  
in the very face of the Prussian peril.

There had been no change at all. We only thought  
there ought to be and in the general obscurity we  
thought it was taking place.

We cannot forbear enlarging upon this subject  
by quoting the following from Rupert Hughes' latest  
novel, "What Is the World Coming to?"

"Hades had come above ground; yet people flocked  
like tourists—men, women and children by the mil-  
lions had crowded into the torment, unafraid, endur-  
ing all the things the medieval terrorists put into  
hell to Gehennize the people into being good. And  
yet people went on being just as good and just as bad,  
as witty, as morose, as gentle or as cruel as before.

"For ten thousand years the same patterns had  
been visible throughout human history for who so  
care to read. Some people had been very bad at  
times and some very good at times; some nations had  
streaks of nobility and then streaks of ferocity; some  
cycles had been glorious and some shameful; but no-  
body and no nation had ever failed to ride the see-saw.

"Yet some dear souls persist in thinking that some  
day what they call right and truth will permanently  
disestablish what they call wrong and error. They  
could see their prototypes making the same beau-  
tiful fools of themselves in the market-places of As-  
syria, but they look always ahead, never behind, and  
distrust the one fairly reliable guide, experience.

"They loudly proclaim that now there must be no  
more war; that mankind must bind itself together  
in an indissoluble league of virtue and altruism.  
They disprove their own sweet dreams by the cruelty  
of their slanders against the unbelievers and the  
hangers-back from their folly. With 'Love' on their  
banner they hated all the incredulous and trampled  
them under with the recklessness of all crusaders.

"In the meanwhile 1919 found the world with  
twenty-three wars in full blast, with every nation dis-  
trusting every other nation and with superstition of  
the most primeval sort raging in all circles. Scientists  
and peers published solemnly their communications  
with the dead; a preacher in New York cured the sick  
by the laying on of hands, or said so, at least; and  
all things were as they were in the beginning and  
apparently ever shall be, world without end, alas!"

## High Heel Is Woman's Worst Enemy

Next to the former kaiser and his crew the per-  
sons who have done the most injury to the American  
people are the American shoe makers.

There is not an honest doctor in the country who  
will not admit that many of the troubles from which  
women and girls suffer today are caused by tight  
shoes and high heels—particularly high heels.

The tight shoe deforms the foot and makes it im-  
possible for the person to walk naturally.

The high heel throws the whole structure of the  
wearer out of position and affects some of the most  
delicate organs of the body.

An absurd story is going the rounds that fashion  
frowns on tight shoes and common sense has ended  
the fad for high heels. The declaration also is made  
that girls have taken to athletic sports to such an ex-  
tent that the flat heel and a good-sized shoe now are  
good form.

That is ridiculous. How ridiculous it is requires  
observation only of the footwear of the women and  
girls you see on any city highway.

High heels and tight shoes predominate.

The so-called French heel, which is most in favor,  
does not come under the heel at all, but under the  
center of the foot.

The makers of such shoes are doing an injury to  
the living and the unborn. They do more harm than  
they know.

Men have learned much, by reason of the war, of  
the virtue of a shoe to conform with the foot that the  
creator gave to man, but women have not.

## Newlywed Style

A young farmer's bride who recently undertook  
the management of the horticultural department of  
the farm, writes the agricultural editor as follows:  
"What can I do to make my potatoes grow? I peeled  
them ever so carefully before planting them, but  
they haven't come up yet."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## The Romances of a Summer Girl

(Dorothy, aged 26, is spending the summer at Lively Beach, having staked her job and \$500 savings on the chance of winning a suitable husband during the summer. These are her letters home to Joan, her chum.)

Silversand Lake, Friday.

Dear Old Joan:

Mary Kymbal is back, with her boy, a nice liddle of ten. She looks as if she had found Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth. It seems you can be transformed by falling out of life into work just as I fancy I should be, by falling out of work into love! She tells me Montford has arranged for her to be hostess in his big New York hotel this winter. Isn't it splendid! how fast she does sometimes come true?

But now that she is back Joan, a sort of embarrassment has fallen between Eric and me. I guess we are both too decent at heart to keep our affair in evidence under the very nose of Mary Kymbal.

At all events, we do not seek each other's company.

He is at work on a new story, spending hours each day in his room with his typewriter clicking away like mad. I am marking time, having many a long, wholesome tramp in the woods with dear Tom Benedict, and amusing myself—as is everyone else at the hotel—with the sudden passing of Anita Corley, the famous "vampire" of Silversand Arms! It happened this way:

There arrived yesterday a splendid young man. He is an official of the railroad which financially backs the Silversand and other hotels dotted along its route, and he is on an "organization tour." He is John Herron by name and about 35 by age—somewhat bald, a trifle too ample at the waistline, very self-satisfied and full of business.

One glance at his clothes and you have his rating in Dun and Bradstreet. You know he owns several automobiles, keeps a bank balance of a few thousands always handy, and is accustomed to buying everything he wants.

He travels in a private car, with a secretary, a valet and a cut's Jap who notes as cook and butler in said private car.

Anita's methods are not usually crude. But on this occasion, she left Tom Benedict flat in the midst of tea, and went to array herself for conquest.

The next the hotel folks saw of the affair was Anita and the handsome stranger gliding gloriously into the sunset by way of Mr. Herron's motorboat—Anita in a flame-colored evening gown and a fur-trimmed wrap, and Millionaire Herron smiling like an inventor on the trail of an experiment.

The hotel guests found it pleasant to camp upon the porch, and were prepared to sit up all night to enjoy the delightful tid-bit of the exclusive hostess party's return. Imagines their disappointment when the glittering outfit came back almost immediately, a look of stonelike impassivity upon the bland, pink countenance of the railroad gentleman, and forked lightning shooting from the indignant orbs of Miss Corley.

The guests nearly fell out of their chairs with excitement. I asked the whys and wherefores of Mrs. Kymbal.

"He merely told her," she said in her delightful English voice, "that she



Imagine their disappointment when the glittering outfit came back almost immediately.

could not stop on at the Arms. I fancy she outraged his senses of propriety.

Mr. Montford says he is very business-like in the running of his firm. The young lady has been an annoyance right along, but Mr. Montford didn't like—

She stopped abruptly. Joan, and imagine my dismay to see the gentleman in question stepping rapidly toward us.

"Miss Varick," he began, while I caught my breath and bowed, wondering what was to come next. "Mrs. Kymbal tells me you were formerly engaged in secretarial work. My secretary, Mr. Watts, has had the bad taste to fall ill. I don't know what your engagements are. But I am in desperate need of a stenographer. I wonder if you will help me out?"

I thought of my shabby wardrobe, of my empty, idle days, of the middle of my affairs, and of the measly few dollars remaining in my pocketbook. It looked like an excellent business opportunity, dear, so, with a mental eye on the long, cold winter and me with no definite plans, I agreed to the experiment.

More details as soon as I know 'em. DOROTHY.

## Confessions of a Bride

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Two Traps Close in on Certis—Death's Danger and the Law!

After the secret service men had departed, Daddy summoned me to his office. According to his nature he should have been in a dreadful rage, but I found him very quiet and looking quite ill. For the first time since I had known him he failed to smile at the sight of me, and I thought he must be very angry with me, until he took my fingers and held them against his cheek.

"It's a weary world," said this man of many millions, who most other men envied. "Poor Chrys! Not a word of her! Not a word to her mother. Not a word to the boys. I'm pledged to let things drag along, as they've started, for another twenty-four hours."

"And let Chrys think right up to the last minute that she's going to be married?" I gasped. "It's cruel!"

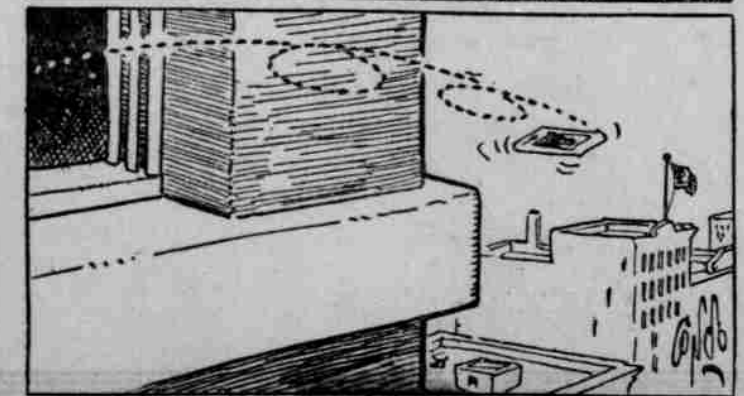
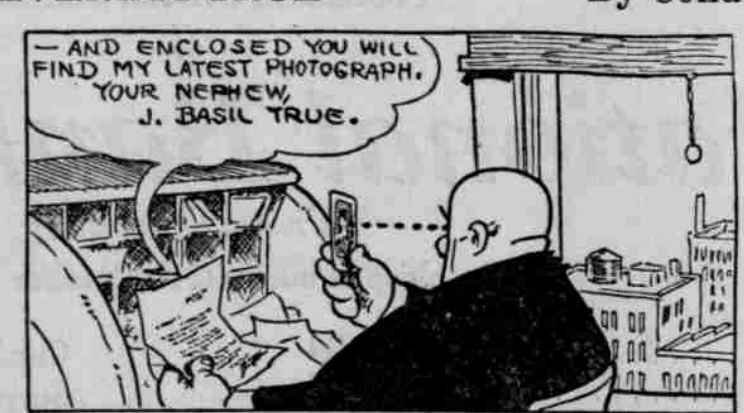
"If we stop the wedding preparations, the whole world will know—that's what a man's money does for him!" Daddy was speaking bitterly. But there'll be no scene. That d-d villain will never enter my house again. He'll never speak to my girl. After all, you can see, dear, that is the one way we can save her from further humiliations."

I nodded. I could see the rest of the plan. Certis would be taken quietly at the gate, as he came next day bringing the gift for his bride. It was a trap—and in my soul I hate a trap, even one set for a wild animal.

The dawn of the following day found me off for a lonely dip in the sea. I certainly needed the shock of an early morning plunge to stir me from my morbid state of mind. I climbed into the little motorboat I've been assu-

EVERETT TRUE

By Condo



## Observations

It isn't as much fun waiting for the first frost as it was looking for the first robin last spring.

Winning a baseball pennant in the fall is a more difficult undertaking than doing it in the spring.

Street railways might not have to increase fares if they decreased the water in their stock system.

Herb Hoover says the high cost of food is artificial. We know that, Herb, but how can we make it criminal?

"Armed isolation" is an expensive method of carrying the chip on the shoulder.

The smallest wage increase of the past four years has gone to the preachers. Think of that as the collection plate comes your way.

The prince of Wales must be for running for the British presidency some day, by the way he's glad-handing the Canadian voters.

turned to run, and sat down to take off my beach shoes.

The sea was as smooth as a pond, and the morning air brilliant. And as my eye wandered up the beach, I saw a figure I knew. I took the binoculars from their pocket beside the steering wheel, but I didn't need their aid to know it was Hamilton Certis whose form I saw bent under a heavy burden as he moved down the beach to a boat.

"Of course!" I said to myself, as I crouched low in the boat to prevent his noticing me. "Any idiot except me would have known he was hiding in that shack, right under our noses!"

Then it occurred to me to run up to the house and warn Daddy. But as I started to rise, I was thrown to my hands and knees by a sudden shove which carried the boat abruptly off from the pier.

As I turned, to reprimand somebody for a bad joke, I looked straight into the face I had thought I would never see again. The man who had silently untied the boat and pushed it seaward was Jo Bach!

"Yes," he said, "it's me."

"Well, it's a mighty poor place for you to be hanging around," I replied, hoping not to betray my fright.

"Not so bad. I need a boat. Yours will do."

With that he cast a hasty glance down the shore, toward the house, and then up the shore. And Certis must have come within his sight.

"Damn that guy!" he exclaimed, abruptly and violently. "He's bent me to it. He's copied the diver's dress!" Jo Bach's tongue started off now like a madman's.

"I've got! But I ain't done for—and he's! Damn him!" He turned to me as if to impart some information that would especially interest me. "Watch him, I say. Watch him. It's the last time you'll ever see him. If he goes down into that U-boat he'll never even know what blew him to hell!"

(To be continued.)

## Where The People May Have a Hearing

The Man of the Hour

To the Editor of The Republican,

Since the days of Theodore Roosevelt there has been no recognized leader of the positive, active forces of American life. This is not to detract from the leadership of Woodrow Wilson. For even his strongest supporters will not claim he represents the red-blooded virile strength of American life and progress; but, as a picture must have a background, so his position is that of a foil for the real life of the nation.

For several years past the country has been passing through the back swing of the pendulum, marking time, with the negative elements in control. What the positive, active forces of the country need is a leader who will crystallize public opinion and afford opportunity for the organization through which these forces must express themselves.

Senator Lodge is recognized as one of the ablest men in the country, and is the power today in the senate, and the controlling figure in today's legislation. His ability and integrity are not questioned, but he lacks the hold on the rank and file of the people to make him an available leader. Elihu Root is a giant of intellect and statesmanship, but does not possess the element of popular leadership. The list might be greatly extended, with some

Just boys. Red-headed, tow-headed, black-headed, freckled, ugly, sunburned, towed, sloppy, noisy, irreverent, selfish, bad-mannered, exasperating, ready to fight, quick-witted, impudent, heartless, but good-natured, good-hearted, generous, just, high-minded, lofty ideal, patriotic, good sports.

These boys were about 12 years old, some a bit older. It is the critical age in the home, in the school and along the moral lines. To know them and help them is the job to challenge men today.

E. D. RALEY.

## Young Man

## SAVE!

No matter what your pay is, or what your outlook for advancement seems to be, save something, no matter how small, from your earnings.

You will find that industry and thrift will provide steady development and advancement for you as time rolls by if you are patient, persevering and economical.

Open a savings account here with one dollar—we will help you to save.

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Wide awake young man, (single) with \$10,000 cash or any part of it. Wants LEGITIMATE, ESTABLISHED BUSINESS, or partnership, must stand thru investigation, no wild cat schemes. Am experienced automobile man and can furnish highest of references. State full particulars of what you have to offer in writing. Will be in Phoenix Oct. 1st. Write Arizona Republican Box 227.